

Virginia Clayton Linder

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Monica Dearest —

I can live with this sadness no longer. For twenty-nine years, your father has lived his own life without me. Now I am taking the only way out.

Monica, you mustn't blame yourself in any way for what I am about to do. Nor should you blame Ralph. The affair with him was only a futile attempt to prove I was a woman, not just a piece in Freeman's collection.

Tell your illustrious father how deeply I regret soiling one of his precious revolvers.

Mother —